Couſin, on Wednesday next, our Councell wee will hold
At *Windſor*, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to bee done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will, my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? Vnleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds, and Dials the ſignes of Leaping houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take purſes, goe by the Moone and ſeuen Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring Knight ſo faire: and I prethee, ſweet wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What, none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nights body, bee called Theeues of the dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, wee bee men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte Miſtris the Moone; vnder whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayſt well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe

proofe: Now a purſe of gold moſt
day night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpen
with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent wi
as low an ebbe as the foote of the L
high a flow as the ridge of the Gal

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſayeſt tru
ſteſſe of the Tauerne a moſt ſweet

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my
not a Buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet ro

Falſ. How now, how now, ma
and thy quiddities? What a plagu
Ierkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe hau
of the Tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cal'd her
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee

Falſ. No, Ile giue thee thy due,

Prince. Yea and elſewhere, ſo far
and where it would not, I haue vſd

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſed it, that wer
thou art Heire apparant. But I pret
Gallows ſtanding in *England*, wh
lution thus ſnubd as it is with the
tick the Law? doe not thou, when t

Prince. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare by the Lord

Prince. Thou iudgeſt falſe already
hanging of the Theeues, and ſo bee

Falſ. Well, *Hall*, well, and in ſ
humor, as well as waiting in the Co

Prince. For obtaining of ſuites?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſuites,
no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am
or a lugd-Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a Loue

Falſ. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lin*

Prince. What ſayeſt thou to a H